



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**LET'S CLEAN UP OUR DIRTY
BUSINESS STREETS**

Now that nearly all those who make up the augmented summer population of Carmel have gone hence and we will not be calling the attention of our guests to the disorder of our house, let's frankly admit that our business streets are continually dirty to the point of disgrace. And let's do something about it.

We don't believe that there is a city in the state, with anywhere near the natural advantages of Carmel, or with anything near the physical attraction it otherwise has, that presents to the public gaze a filthier condition of business streets than Carmel continually has.

When we say continually, we mean from Saturday morning of one week to Friday morning of the next. On Friday mornings, before most of you are up, Bill Askew and his corps of workmen make a systematic clean-up of Ocean avenue and the cross business streets. Then not until the next Friday morning are they touched with a broom or a refuse scoop. And in between Friday to Friday, newspapers and sweepings from the sidewalks in front of the stores litter the gutters and scatter themselves out into the middle of the streets.

It is possible, it is perhaps probable, that some of the litter is thrown from automobiles, and by those whose city it isn't, but who are set a poor example by those whose city it is. If you sit in an automobile and look at wads and piles of paper and rubbish generally you have to be particularly considerate if you don't come to the conclusion that that seems to be a good place for cleaning out the dirt in your car.

We don't pretend to know what the extra expense would be to have the streets cleaned by Askew's crew every morning, but we have a sneaking feeling that funds might be diverted from some municipal function not nearly so important and used to wash our face every day. There has been considerable discussion about untidiness on the beach, and we have discovered that conditions down there aren't what they ought to be. But those coming in from the outside see Ocean avenue before they do the beach and the condition of Ocean avenue may probably have something to do with the way visitors to the beach treat the stretches of sand.

This is a good little subject for the Business Association to try its hand at. The association hasn't been getting much consideration from the city council, but there's nothing to prevent it continually trying. Certainly you can't get anywhere lying down. And while it is about it, the association might with impunity make the suggestion that attractive receptacles for waste paper and rubbish be placed at strategic points on Ocean avenue. That might help the situation considerably.

**COUNCIL WILL HAVE HARD
TIME STOPPING THIS ONE**

It appears to be the opinion of practically all who have discussed the matter that the group of citizens who instituted the recall movement have "got something" and got something better in the proposal for an initiative ordinance to estab-

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

Citizens Now Propose Ordinance Installing Civil Service in Carmel

COUNCIL KILLS PLAN TO MOVE CITY OFFICES

Ed Ewig and his proposed city hall quarters in the post office building got two perfectly good votes at the meeting of the city council on Wednesday night, but two votes proved not to be enough.

On the motion of Councilman Clara Kellogg, seconded by Jim Thoburn, that the city move to Ewig's building on a three-year lease basis, at a monthly rental of \$60 a month, the council finally came to a vote. But only Miss Kellogg and Thoburn voted for the move. Councilmen Bernard Rowntree and Joe Burge voted "No" and Mayor Everett Smith cast the deciding negative vote.

"Too much traffic congestion there," said the mayor, explaining his vote. "Otherwise I'd be for it."

Burge's opposition was based on his decision that it would be unfair to Dolores street, the present landlords as well as the merchants, to make the move.

Rowntree said nothing—nothing except "No" on the roll call.

Ewig countered with the statement that so far as he knew no

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QUITE SHODDY TREATMENT OF TAX MONEY

The sum total of \$125 in taxpayers' money was pretty definitely tossed into the Pacific Ocean by the city council Wednesday, and, surprisingly enough, those who did the tossing virtually admitted it.

Over the negative votes of Councilmen Clara Kellogg and Jim Thoburn, the triumvirate which is running the city now according to its own ideas of running cities and, we might add, according to its lights, passed a claim for the payment of \$250 to Clayton L. Shaif, certified accountant.

Only with considerable difficulty could interested citizens in the lobby discover what the claim was for. Councilman Thoburn inadvertently called the attention of the outside world to it when he extracted it

(Continued on Page Ten)

"SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES" ON AGAIN IN MONTEREY

Repeat performances of "In the Shadow of the Rockies" at the First Theater are further celebrating California's own holiday week-end beginning last night on the 87th anniversary of California's being admitted into the Union.

The First Theater in California had paid performances two years previous to that big day and we can imagine that a good crowd gathered in Jack Swan's saloon 87 years ago last night to toast the new state. In the play this week-end Betty Moorhouse will take the part of Bedelia O'Rafferty, the Irish cook, which has been played by Fern Hyde. Rhoda Johnson will handle the "props" in place of Jean Hyde as both mother and daughter are leaving for New York.

WAS IT YOU?

NUMBER TWO

(Editor's note—One of these paragraphs will appear each week in THE CYMBAL from now on until we get weary, or you do, or our dollars get too slack.)

We bet you stayed later at your tennis game yesterday afternoon than you intended, because when we spied you at a little after 5:30 you were in quite a hurry to get the mail and get home to dinner. You nearly swatted us with your racquet, but how did you know we were right behind you sleuthing? If your white pants were a shade grimy, it was only the game and you looked pretty sporty with your brown leather jacket and a white band around your straight hair. A strap or something on your left shoulder was bothering you, because you kept reaching in under your coat and hitching it up. There wasn't any mail and when we bumped into you in the Post Office and grinned, you grinned back very politely indeed. Then you caught sight of a car, diagonally across the street from the Post Office, and, defying death and destruction by leaping through Carmel's rush hour traffic, you ran and got into the car with a woman with a reddish sweater on. The last we saw of you, you were chattering away with might and main. We hope you had a nice dinner. That tennis game makes you darned hungry, doesn't it?

If you are this girl, bring this paper into the THE CYMBAL office and we'll give you a dollar bill. The boy didn't appear for last week's dollar. Must have been an out-of-towner.

+

Helen Wills Hits Tennis Balls at Mission Club

Helen Wills (we might as well drop the Moody; she's dropped Mr. Moody) stole surreptitiously in on us last week-end and took advantage of the new tennis courts at the Mission Ranch Club to get in her practice work. She was fortunate in finding players who taxed her tennis ability to a considerable extent.

Spencer Kern, one of Carmel's own boys, whose 16 summers have gone toward lengthening him out physically and strengthening his good left hand which holds a racquet, is to be recorded as winning from Helen in a 7-5 set on Monday morning. On the same day she paired with Aiden Roark, noted Irish polo player, to beat Kern and

(Continued on Page Seven)

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NO BUSINESS ASSOCIATION SCHEDULED THIS EVENING

There will be no meeting of the Carmel Business Association this evening. The next meeting will be a dinner session on October 8 at a place to be announced later. It is possible that Allen Griffin will be the speaker.

INITIATIVE PETITION TO GIVE CITY MERIT SYSTEM IN ALL APPOINTMENTS, TO BE PUT UP TO COUNCIL FOR ACTION

Official publication is being made today of a "Notice of Intention to circulate an initiative petition" to put on the Carmel statutes an ordinance providing for a merit system in the selection of all appointive officials or employees.

THE CYMBAL herewith publishes the notice.

In general, the ordinance takes advantage of a legislative act, approved by the governor on April 11, 1935, and authorizing the creation of a merit or civil service system in cities of Carmel's class. It also provides for the appointment of a civil service commission, creation of the office of personnel director and prohibiting "certain political activities."

Specifically, it provides for minimum qualifications for each position, permits the establishment of examination machinery by the commission, provides for the appointments of officers by the council only after names of those successfully passing examinations are submitted to the council, and prohibits the removal of appointive officers except after a public hearing of charges against them.

It is planned by the proponents that the ordinance, now being drawn up, shall name the first three members of the civil service commission, staggering their tenures of office as of two years, four years and six years. Thereafter the term shall be six years for each. It is further proposed that the council may fill vacancies only from a

(Continued on Page Ten)

HERE'S NOTICE OF INTENTION TO PRESENT MERIT SYSTEM INITIATIVE ORDINANCE

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO CIRCULATE AN INITIATIVE PETITION FOR THE SIGNATURES OF THE REQUISITE NUMBER OF QUALIFIED ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, AS REQUIRED BY LAW, FOR SUBMISSION TO THE CITY COUNCIL OF SAID CITY OF AN INITIATIVE ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT BY SAID CITY OF A MERIT AND CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM FOR THE SELECTION, EMPLOYMENT, CLASSIFICATION, ADVANCEMENT, SUSPENSION AND DISCHARGE OF APPOINTIVE OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES OF SAID CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned proponents thereof that said proponents intend to circulate, or cause to be circulated, an initiative petition for the signatures of the requisite number of qualified electors of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, as required by law, for submission to the city council of said city of an initiative ordinance relating to the establishment by said city of a merit and civil service system for the selection, employment, classification, advancement, suspension and discharge of appointive officers and employees of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, pursuant to the provisions of the following certain acts of the Legislature of the State of California, to-wit:

(1) "An act to add Section 1083D to the Political Code, relating to the publication of notice of intention to circulate petitions," approved by the Governor July 1, 1937;

(2) "An Act to provide for direct legislation by cities and towns, including initiative and referendum," approved by the Governor January 2, 1912, as amended;

(3) "An act authorizing the creation of a personnel system, merit system or civil service system in cities; the creation of the office of personnel director; the appointment of a civil service commission; the delegation of certain authority to said personnel officer or commission in municipalities within this state; and prohibiting certain political activities and providing certain penalties for the violation of said provisions," approved by the Governor, April 11, 1935.

The following is a statement of reasons for the proposed petition:

The establishment through enactment of the proposed ordinance of the merit system in the appointment of officers and employees to municipal offices and employments of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and the removal for good cause only after a public hearing of any such officer or employee will mean the elimination of the "spoils system" in local municipal government both now and in the future. It will mean, if the proposed ordinance is adopted, that officers and employees of the city will be chosen hereafter due to their ability, experience and character rather than for political considerations. It will mean the substitution of political pull by efficiency and merit. It will also result in the security of tenure in office of faithful and efficient public servants.

E. A. H. Watson, F. R. Bechdolt, William J. Bensberg, Dorothy Bigland, Carl G. Harris, Marian D. Shand, E. W. Aldrich, W. L. Overstreet, Ross C. Miller, L. G. Weer, Fred McIndoe, James B. McGrury, E. H. Ewig, L. H. Levinson, Kathleen Brownell, A. Wilson Clark, Mabel C. Sampson, Bernice B. Fraser, Emma Otey, Eleanor W. Yates, H. Aucourt, Herbert Heron, Claribel Haydock Zuck.

Dated: September 7, 1937.

Proponents.

lish the merit system of appointments in the city government.

While the citizens' group wish it clearly understood that the recall movement has not been dropped, but is being held in abeyance pending results of the new move for the merit system law, it is a fact that many of those who were at first so strongly for the recall have calmed down to the point of placing its success far over in the doubtful column.

It is these calmed-down citizens from whom come the more enthusiasm for the merit system ordinance. While most of them still believe that the removal of Smith, Rowntree and Burge would help the present situation, they see it as only a temporary reform, and they see also that future councils may develop some Smiths, Rowntrees and Burges.

But this merit-system ordinance would prevent much damage being done by such a majority in the council. It would virtually take out of the council's hands the important matter of selecting officials such as the chief of police, city attorney, building inspector, fire chief, policemen and firemen and place it in the hands of a constituted board which would openly adopt certain procedure and examinations and compel successful passing of such examinations before their names would go before the council for appointment. In other words, while the council would continue to appoint such officials, it would make its selection from persons who are proved to be particularly fitted for the jobs they seek.

It has been pointed out by some that this should be considered by members of a city council a welcome change in the present conditions. It should be so considered. If, as is eternally claimed by candidates for the council, they are seeking the office only for the purpose of serving the city and to further no personal ends, a merit system ordinance, of this nature, assuring good appointments to important city jobs, should be considered by them a big help in carrying out their policy of self-sacrifice to the best interests of the community.

Surely any aspirant for a position on the council, or any member of the council now, would have difficulty in finding any honest objection to this law, even though the present trio in the council, at whom the recall movement is aimed, will probably take it as a personal affront to them.

Perhaps it is; most probably it is. It is, in fact, an attempt to correct evils which have been created by this council triumvirate of Smith, Rowntree and Burge. Not admitting the evils, it is probable that they will oppose a law that seeks to correct them, but they will certainly be putting themselves in a tough spot by refusing to make into law an initiative ordinance which so clearly, on the face of it, means much for the future welfare of the city.

—W. K. B.

DICK BARE OPENS OFFICES FOR SECURITY PICTURES

Dick Bare, as president of Security Pictures Corporation, is opening offices in town this week-end. The first of the series, "Miracles of Sports," will be ready to shoot through in no time at all and Bare expects to have his "Famous Places on the Monterey Peninsula" ready in another month. So far, with technicolor and sound track, they have shot bits from the First Theater opening play, "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch," and different scenic and human interest shots around Carmel and the Peninsula. Mixing humor and sublimity, Bare hopes to be able to present the Circle of Enchantment in glowing colors to the nation as a whole.

CARMEL CAPERS

Diverse are the reactions to the Labor Day holiday which we are told marks the termination of Carmel's summer season.

The tourist returns regretfully to his everyday pursuits, reinforcing his sun-bronzed body and his briefly emancipated, sea-swept soul reluctantly into the shackles and machineries of civilization.

Bureaucrats and tradesmen estimate with quiet avarice their profits and, sitting again in shirt-sleeved relaxation before their shops, pass the time of day with sauntering villagers.

Our politicians proclaim with pompous dignity and pass new laws ingeniously calculated to eliminate what little joy might still remain in the life of a holiday motorist.

The stalwart police, reduced to the extermination of local crime unworthy of their talents, lie once more in ambush and await unwary defiers of stop signs.

All this and more takes place here in our small, beloved village whilst the sea lions, objective from afar, continue through it all to pursue the tenor of their noisily erotic lives, untrammelled and unconcerned either by native or by alien eyes and ears.

A well-known critic of the arts who is (in some of his less critical moments) a fairly good friend of ours, was tremendously pleased with us because we rather blushingly admitted that after having seen the sur-realist exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Art last week, we found Cezanne (on current exhibition) distinctly "stuffy."

To be impressed with sur-realist art, literally the artistic representation of super-reality, the integration of conscious and subconscious imagery, is to become unresponsive to all more conventional art forms. Far be it from us to endeavor to establish ourselves as an authority on art simply by the use of the one word "stuffy" . . . besides we can remember not so long ago, when we were not so very young, that poor Cezanne was considered very daring indeed.

A very virtuous young woman (of which there are all too few) tells the following story:

It seems she was fleeing the unwelcome advances of a violently rapacious young man (of which, we repeat, there are all too few). She hopped quickly into a Yellow Cab and told the driver to drive on. He drove a few blocks and then stopped, for no apparent reason. Dear me, thought the V.V.V.W., fearing the worst, is there no decency even among the lower classes?

Just then he turned around to the young lady and said "I don't know what provocation you had in your flight from that young man or whether his intentions were honorable or merely serious, but I do want you to know that in whatever you do, I, and the Yellow Cab Company, will stand behind you."

And there are those benighted souls who say that chivalry in these United States is dead!

On a recent visit to the metropolis of San Francisco, we were struck by the apathetic aspect of the deer in Golden Gate Park; carefully groomed and nurtured, they were cropping hay from well-kept managers.

Later we detected the same expression in the blanched faces of diners at the Clift Hotel.

We thought joyously of those graceful creatures running fleetly through Del Monte's wooded for-

ests and of ourselves, free to tread the hard, white sands of Carmel beach with the wind in our hair and the sound of the sea ever present in our consciousness.

—LIBBY LEY

"By Candlelight" Golden Bough S. F. Opening

The Golden Bough Theatre Guild will open its fall and winter season October 7, 8, and 9 at its Playhouse, Sutter street near Van Ness avenue with the sparkling Viennese comedy, "By Candlelight," a new translation by Siegfried Geyer.

Under the direction of Edward G. Kuster, a score of craftsmen are engaged in building the settings that will convey the proper Viennese atmosphere for the piece. With a cast of experienced artists, an exceptional performance is promised.

An attractive list of plays is scheduled to follow the Guild's opening production: "Winterrest," by Maxwell Anderson; "The Daughters of Atreus," Robert Turney; "Art and Mrs. Bottle," Benn Levy; Ibsen's "Public Enemy"; "The Thripny Opera," by Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill, and "No More Peace," by Ernst Toller.

Corum Jackson Has Something At Highlands

Corum Jackson, who sometimes takes time off from being chairman of the park and playground commission to try to sell some real estate to provide food and drink for his family, is all set up about some property he and the Carmel Realty Company have got hold of down in Carmel Highlands. There are acres and acres of it and all of it's wooded beautifully. Corum says, and some of it has a view of the ocean that gives you an idea just about where Hawaii is—on a clear day. It has roads around and, we suppose, in it, and electricity and about every other convenience of life. Everything but houses to live in. That's up to you. Corum is giving the half-acre, acre and couple-of-acre lots away—that is, for a nominal price, and at reasonable terms, or so he says. Personally, we'd like to live there and get out of this mortal coil that flesh is heir to. Carmel Highlands' flesh isn't heir to it.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. LEMOS IN TOWN ON VACATION

Professor and Mrs. Pedro de Lemos of Palo Alto are spending several weeks' vacation in Carmel. De Lemos is head of the art department at Stanford University and is also editor of the magazine, School Art, which is used as a reference by teachers in all school grades as well as being an exceptionally good art magazine. An artist himself, De Lemos has been the inspiration for many young fledglings. He is a member of the Carmel Art Association and is actively interested in the work at the Allied Arts in Palo Alto.

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How Does Pacific Grove Greet Nice "Vagrants"? Police and Firemen Bed Them and Breakfast Them

Did anyone say we had a crowd on the Peninsula over Labor Day? Here's one experience that happened to a Peninsula visitor whose destination was Carmel but who landed in our neighbor city, Pacific Grove, and had a most cordial reception there, to say the least.

Julienne Bayliss teaches science in one of the high schools in Los Angeles, but all her knowing of how to make NaCl merited her no birds, beds or bunks on Sunday night. Driving from Half Moon Bay she stopped at almost every town on the way to ask about rooms but found "full up" signs greeting her at every door mat. She had traveled 50 miles and it was 1 o'clock in the early morning when she hit Pacific Grove, pretty tired and discouraged. On a street corner, she saw two men, laughing and talking. Driving by she saw that they were policemen. Warily putting on the brake, she asked them if they could find her a room. Jumping to near-attention they pulled out a list of accommodations but all of them were "full up" too.

Then the policemen, Ernest "Toots" McAnaney and Victor Tibba, put on their think-boxes.

"Say, what about the two cots in the firehouse?" said Tibba.

"No," said "Toots," "one of the firemen is sleeping on one of them. The P. G. Fathers mightn't like it. Besides . . . well . . . we gotta

think of something else."

"I have a sleeping bag," volunteered Miss Bayliss. "If you could just think of some place I could roll out in . . ."

"I have it," said Tibba. "The council room."

So off the three went to the City Hall and the august chambers of the city council. The two men pulled all the cushions off the seats and made a mattress and Miss Bayliss put down her sleeping bag on top. Then they gave her a big flashlight and waved "Sweet Dreams" and left her to her slumbers.

Came the dawn and the policemen returned. "Now if you'll wait just a minute, Miss Bayliss, we'll heat some water for a shower. And don't forget to lock the door that leads into the jail. Breakfast will be served in the front room."

All fresh and rosy, our heroine stepped out of her shower, dressed and came out to find that the fireman had made coffee and one of the policemen had stepped over to the bakery and had a bag of fresh snails to offer. After a hearty meal they showed her over her temporary quarters, wished her "Bon Voyage" and saw her off for Carmel, where she found her old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard, and spent the next night in more familiar quarters. Tuesday she was on her way again, but with a warm spot in her heart for the Pacific Grove police force.

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CARMEL THEATRE BUILDING • TELEPHONE ONE O FOUR O

"In the Shadow" Proves as Fine As "Tatters"

Crowded in again they were and well they might be.

"In the Shadow of the Rockies" moves up quite creditably alongside "Tatters, Pet of Squatters' Gulch" as a thriller of the old stage—and that Olio!

If there could be criticism, and we heard it lightly, that "In the Shadow" moved not quite so quickly and with the snap of "Tatters," no word other than praise of the highest degree can be voiced in regard to the olio which followed the melodrama at the First Theater in Monterey over the past week-end. It was a wow, borrowing the very best of the "Tatters" olio and adding several things new and equaling the hold-over.

Everett Gray, Betty Carr, Grace Robertson, Patricia Lee and Harry Hedger stepped in to augment and enhance the cast which staged the "Tatters" olio and did themselves proud. There is nothing but choking enthusiasm to be bestowed on "Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden" and "Great American Tourist," which we saw and heard in "Tatters," and we would add our breathless roses to be bestowed on the new "Hangtown Boys," "Sunday Afternoon" and "How Little Nell Founded Los Angeles." We understand that to Jerry Chance goes the unadulterated credit for creating the Los Angeles song and nothing could have been funnier.

To Betty Carr in her "Tavern in the Town" off go what hats we have. And she looked so beautiful up there doing the thing.

As for "In the Shadow," the new people on the stage in this, those of them who did not get a chance at "Tatters," were everything the audience-yellers could ask. Patricia Lee, Grace Robertson, Fern Hyde, Everett Gray, Ross Miller, Earl Williams (there's a boy!), proved that they, too, are troupers capable of stirring every gold digger in the state. And, aided and abetted as they were by Bob Bratt, Billy Shepard, Gordon Knoles and Lloyd Weer, there was no stopping them.

So, it is with deep gratitude we pen these lines, and with deep gratification do we announce that "In the Shadow of the Rockies," having been revived again last night, will continue tonight and tomorrow night at the First Theater.

—W. K. B.

FINAL "OTHELLO" READINGS ARE ANNOUNCED

Final readings of "Othello" will be given by the Carmel Shakespeare Company at the Girl Scout House Tuesday evenings, September 14 and 21. Bert Heron, leader of the group, is particularly enthusiastic about the cast which is doing the play and invites the public to attend the readings and verify his opinion.

CEZANNE EXHIBIT NOW ON IN SAN FRANCISCO

Judging from the many Carmel people who journeyed to San Francisco to see the Van Gogh, Goya and surrealist art shows, the Cezanne exhibit at the San Francisco Museum of Art in the Civic Center should be of great interest. The collection includes about 80 paintings by the artist from all of the "periods" of his development. Not as spectacular a news item in the matter of his personal life as Van Gogh, Cezanne really made more definite contributions to the field of modern painting than the former man. The show will run throughout the month of September.

Lock to Tennis Courts Gate Is Stolen

Maybe you can't put a guy in jail on purely circumstantial evidence, or just because he might have a motive for the crime involved, but our advice to Frank Townsend is to get out of town before the minions of the law start third-degreering him.

The lock on the municipal tennis courts gate has been stolen!

Now, Corum Jackson, chairman of the park and playground commission, still has the key, but no lock in which to insert it. And what's a key without a lock—worse, much worse, than a lock without a key.

Now, according to Frank Townsend, there have been some untold millions of aspiring tennis players who have had their aspirations blocked by that very same lock on that tennis courts gate. There are ample witnesses to Townsend's attitude in the matter. He is, to use a conservative phrase, quite bitter about it, and so demonstrated at a meeting of the city council two weeks ago.

If it is a matter of evidence, circumstantial evidence admittedly, there are hosts who will take the witness chair to make Townsend one of the first victims of California's new method for exterminating undesirable citizens.

But Townsend or no Townsend, the lock is gone and Corum Jackson retains a lonely and impotent key. He has turned the matter over to the police department composed, if you would have statistics, of four uniformed men and a desk sergeant in the person of Mr. Hefling. If the police department—if this police department—can't find that lock and the culprit, it just isn't the too, too divine police department John Jordan says it is.

RHEA RADIN, KAY BRAUN DROP IN TO SEE US

We ran into Rhea Radin and Kay Braun having lunch at Whitney's Monday and bemoaning the fact that they hadn't seen anyone they knew around town so, therefore, Carmel must have changed a great deal. After assuring them that the natives always go into hiding over the holidays we asked what was doing in San Francisco. Kay, who used to be Senior Women's Editor of the Daily Californian when we last knew her, is doing social work, and Rhea is soon to take over a job with the Traveler's Aid. "Any girl in need of a friend" can trot down to the Ferry Building and talk it over with Rhea. Rhea's father, Max Radin, is in the law department at the University of California so she may be able to straighten you out on the legal angle of your particular brand of friendliness as well.

LLOYD WEER LITERALLY DARTS INTO THE PICTURE

Lloyd Weer took some extra-special good photographs of the cast of "In the Shadow of the Rockies" last Saturday night. Quite a system and quite a camera. First Lloyd would line up the players in a certain dramatic scene from the play, place his camera, get everybody ready, push a little plunger and then run like a rabbit or a gravel truck, up onto the stage and into his own position in the part of Judge Thompson with only seconds to spare. All by itself the camera would take in the scene and click at just the right moment. We saw the pictures Sunday and they look as if Lloyd had been there all the time. Quite composed-like. As Grace Robertson put it, "It's a Weered way of taking pictures."

SOMEBODY'S CONSTANCY GETS OUT TOO DEEP

Here's one that out-Libby's Libby. And what's more we know a girl who insists on reciting it just as you sit down and unfold your serviette.

CONSTANCY

They dragged my Constancy out of the sea
And bore her bloated body to me—
Slatternly sea-weed hung in her hair
Rotten and rusted, the flesh that was bare—
And all around her the stench of slime
My Constancy drowned in the wine of time.

—B. MOORE

A tough one, eh?

Surgeon To Speak Here For Spain

For the purpose of raising interest and funds to aid Spanish Democracy, Dr. Edward K. Barsky, who is chief surgeon for the Medical Bureau in Spain, will speak Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in the Greene Studio on Lincoln between 12th and 13th.

Dr. Barsky's lecture will be augmented by the film "Heart of Spain," which is scenarized, edited, and supervised by Paul Strand and Leo T. Hurwitz.

Establishment of Hospital Caravans, the latest development in saving lives of soldiers, is Dr. Barsky's aim. These caravans, which can travel within a few miles of the front lines, alleviate waiting, so that wounded can be taken care of much sooner than with previous methods. Dr. Barsky will explain the function of such a thing in his speech and enlarge on further medical supplies necessary to carry on his work in Spain.

Dr. Barsky was born in New York City and attended Columbia College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. He has done post-graduate work in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. Preceding his work in Spain, he was associate attending surgeon in Beth Israel Hospital, New York City.

Those who are sponsoring the lecture are Drs. John H. Gratiot, R. A. Kocher, Margaret Levick, Lillian Taylor, Margaret Swigart, and Misses Clara Kellogg, Emily Pitkin, Lorena Ray, Clara Hinds and Rachel Hiller, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, the Rev. Carl Hulsawé and the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Kellogg, Ross C. Miller, Edgar Hamilton, Joseph Schoeninger, W. W. Wheeler, D. L. James, Mrs. Theodore Criley and Frederick Bechdolt.

Admittance will be free.

JANET PRENTISS VISITING FRIENDS WHO DEDICATED BOOK TO HER

Janet Prentiss is on her way to Dorset, Vermont, and after a visit there will go to New York for the winter. In Vermont, Miss Prentiss will visit with Zephine Humphreys and her husband. Mrs. Humphreys is the author of a book, "From the Green Mountains to the Sierras," which is dedicated to Miss Prentiss. The story of the book is the trip taken by the Humphreys two years ago when they decided that the coal bill in Vermont would just about equal a good trip across the country to California where they wouldn't need any coal. The travelers came to Carmel and spent several delightful months here and proclaimed Carmel the most enjoyable and beautiful spot on the whole trip. The book, by the way, is in the Carmel Library just in case you have ideas of saving on your wood bill next summer and driving east.

Jinny Keeps Man And Wife Still Behind Bars

Here's the latest dirt about con-nubial bliss down at the Normandy Apartments.

We understand from Jinny Stanton that everybody is out in the courtyard waiting for them to lay two more eggs.

When they have—that "they" doesn't seem right—when she has laid two more eggs—another complication and, we fear, a wrong implication—we mean, when the female of the species specifically designated in this case as a fantail pigeon (white) lays two more eggs—everything will be O.K. as to granting her and her husband (also fantail, white) their freedom.

Because, with household responsibilities, they will return again and again until they have returned so often that it will become a habit and—Normandy Apartments will have its pigeons in the pigeon holes which, in an unguarded, rather wild moment, Bob Stanton architected into the structure.

It appears, also relying on Jinny for the information, that you can keep the clock on papa in this matter. He goes to work at 10 a.m. and stays on the eggs so far laid until 4 in the afternoon. No human male of the species works a trek like that, to our knowledge. While he's on the job she's sunning herself—that is, she suns herself now because, being in captivity, that's all she can find to do. What may confront her in the way of temptation on her hours off when she is free to go hither and thither will probably have something to do with the con-nubial bliss down at the Normandy Apartments.

Fern Hyde is leaving some time this week-end for New York with her daughter, Jean. They will join her other daughter, Betty, there and will remain in the east for the winter.

Laura Dierssen has returned to Carmel from San Francisco bringing with her her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffman, of New York, and her brother, Richard, of San Francisco.

We Commiserate Bill Irwin, New Local Editor

"THE CYMBAL," said Bill Irwin, the new editor of The Californian in our first interview. "THE CYMBAL," he said, "is the most truly noble of all newspapers."

"But," we smiled gallantly over our glass of buttermilk, "but our admiration for The Californian is completely boundless. We believe it to have the most glorious future, the happiest ending (we hope) in the whole field of journalistic endeavor—if you will pardon a cliché. (Have another?)"

"Ah," bowing from the right wrinkle, the new editor of The Californian proceeded. "THE CYMBAL... there is a rag for you. The glamorous—how shall I say?—the zenith, the apogee, the crowning achievement (if you will pardon a cliché) of intercommunication. On the pages of journalistic, nay, of literary history, I shall expect to see writ large one day these treasurable words—THE CAR-MEL CYMBAL."

"Oh, but Sir Editor, and dear friend—if we may so presume," we smiled coyly. "For sheer courage, for beauty (of offset processing) for the lucid Word, the unfathomable profundity of expression that reaches the dear and dismal depths of the human soul, dwell—dwell, we say—upon THE CALIFORNIAN."

"Yeah," said Bill, gazing into the amber depths of his own buttermilk, "that's what I'm afraid of. I gotter dwell and dwell..."

—L. S.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS may be small—but O, their muscle.

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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. Bassett

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September 10, 1937

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CAR-
MEL CYMBAL for the past six
months:

March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760

The August average weekly net
paid circulation of THE CYMBAL of
608 in the Carmel area (Carmel,
Carmel Highlands and Pebble
Beach) is far in excess of that of
any other Carmel newspaper.

GRATEFUL FOR OUR BIG HELP

W. K. Bassett, Editor, CARMEL
CYMBAL,
Carmel, California.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

The Monterey District Fair,
which ended August 15th, was
in the opinion of many people, a
very great improvement over the
1936 Fair. We hope that next
year it will really come into its
own and be an enterprise of
which everyone may be very
proud.

We were impressed this year
by the great enthusiasm of the
people who visited our Fair-
grounds and with the increased
cooperation of the press.

We wish to thank you sincerely
for the space which you gave us
through your valued columns.
We assure you that this is a
great and growing enterprise,
and that when you visit our fair-
grounds and fair next year, you
will be proud of every paragraph
that you devoted to getting pub-
lic opinion behind this communi-
ty and neighboring enterprises.

With kindest personal regards,
I am

Sincerely yours,

ALLEN GRIFFIN
President, Monterey County Fair
Sept. 2, 1937 Association

GOOD WORD FOR RESTAURANT

Dear Editor:

When next you go to San Fran-
cisco may I strongly recommend
that you partake of a meal at Del-
monico's on Sutter street between
Stockton and Grant avenues. I
have thoroughly enjoyed two din-
ners there and the delicious hors
d'oeuvres, all temptingly arrayed
on a large table, followed by mar-
vellously cooked food for the rest

of the meal, afford any epicure a
treat. San Francisco is, of course,
noted for its restaurants, but I have
never found one there where food
is such a delight as is that to be ob-
tained at Delmonico's. Not many
people know of the restaurant, but
once they find it, I will wager they
always go there and also be proud
to take their friends with them.

—E. W.

Filmarte Offers "Mr. Deeds" For Week-end

A last chance on the Peninsula
to see Gary Cooper in the delight-
ful Frank Capra "Mr. Deeds Goes
to Town" is offered by the Filmarte
for tonight's and Saturday's bill-
ing. Cooper plays the part of a
young man with so much money
that he has to invent things to do
and begins by exposing "O-fillers"
and "Doodlers." Are you one? Do
you have awful urges to draw and
trace while you carry on a tele-
phone conversation? If you are
or are not the film was and is rated
as one of the best of last year. In
conjunction with "Mr. Deeds" is
Otto Kruger in "Living Danger-
ously," a first rate melodrama.

A new version of the old screen
classic "Broken Blossoms" will be
the fare offered for Sunday, Mon-
day and Tuesday at the Filmarte.
Dolly Haas, a new European star,
takes the part made famous by
Lillian Gish. The picture is in Eng-
lish.

"Janosik," a Czecho-slovakian
epic film, which is slated for Wed-
nesday and Thursday, has been
compared to the Russian "Potem-
kin" and the American "Birth of a
Nation." It is the story of the
Czech national hero, Janosik, and
follows the history of the country
with amazing reality. It is one of
the highest types of imported films.
The dialogue is in Czech and the
running narrative titles are in Eng-
lish, making the story clearly un-
derstandable.

WINIFRED HOWE BACK TO START MUSIC CLASSES

Winifred Howe has returned
from her vacation full of vim, vigor
and vitality and ready to start her
winter classes in piano and musi-
cianship. Two weeks at Tuolumne
Meadows and a couple of weeks at
Redondo Beach just loafing have
given her the needed rest to begin
her teaching and prepare for a con-
cert in November.

Winifred has been teaching in
Carmel for the past three years and
has won a fine reputation for her-
self for her work with both adults
and children. A student of Tobias
Matthay in London and Nadia
Boulanger in Paris, Winifred has
also worked with Frank Wickman
of Carmel and has taken theory
from Ernest Bloch, the well known
composer. She teaches harmony
and counterpoint and particularly
stresses musicianship for children.
The First and Third Annual Bach
Festival in Carmel listed Winifred
Howe among the soloists.

Gladys Unger, scenario and short
story writer, is busy typing away
at reams of manuscript in the quiet
of Peter Pan Lodge.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

One of the most intelligent dogs
seen in the village in a long while
is Buster Geary. He is not a blue-
blood Fox terrier like his mother,
Peggy, but a souvenir of her indis-
cretion—but he has brains. Buster
performs 31 amazing tricks, and
when he has finished, he daintily
puts a paw over his mouth to stifle
a bored yawn.

Buster is a talented musician and
plays the piano and sings too. He
always does his own shopping. He
puts a penny in his mouth and trots
down to the corner store and buys
a bit of candy.

He is slim and handsome in ap-
pearance and wears a dark monocle
in his right eye. He is here for a
short visit with his master and mis-
tress, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Geary
of Piedmont.

That striking looking Bedlington
terrier noticed about Carmel last
week-end was Cadenza Morgan of
San Francisco who was here with
his owner, Marguerite Morgan.

Cadenza says people often mis-
take him for a sheep and that an-
noys him no end, for he is of an-
cient and honorable lineage. His
ancestors originated in England a-
bout 150 years ago where they
were used as hunting dogs because
of their exceptional gameness.

Cadenza is happily married to
a lovely little lady named Sonata
and they have two children, Alle-
gro and Rhapsody. (He is going to
name his wee grandchild Pianissi-
mo.)

Another unusual-looking fellow
is Padi Farchette. Padi looks for
all the world like a little chow pup-
py. He is really a Pomeranian,
eight years old, who has had his
thick coat clipped because of the
warm weather in Sacramento where
he makes his home with his mistress,
Mrs. Carl Farchette.

Padi's misleading appearance
causes him much embarrassment,
and he hopes his coat will grow out
soon because he finds it very dis-
tasteful to have dear old ladies
rush up to him and say "Oh, see
the little, bittie puppy-dog" to a
gentleman of his years and experi-
ence.

Pal seems to be the hardest hit
by the ordinance prohibiting dogs
in food shops. In the old days, Pal
used to wander into shop after shop
begging tid-bits of hamburger, or
biscuit, or what-have you. But
now poor Pal stands gloomily out-
side, looking like an urchin in front
of a pastry shop window.

However, Pal has his philan-
thropic friends, one of whom is

Daisy Bostick. If he sees her go
into a food shop he watches to see
if she goes to the meat department
—and if she does he waits until she
comes out and promptly invites
himself to tea.

A source of great speculation
among canine villagers is that some-
what mysterious and very aloof
Scotty who is seen frequently in
the vicinity of the Normandy
Apartments. This Scotty is most
attractive but will have nothing to
do with anyone, and goes about
with an expression of great preoc-
cupation.

The Scotty's a stoic
He's gay and he's mad;
His pace is a snail's trot,
His harness is plaid.
I once had a Scotty,
Semi-invalid, crazy.
There ne'er was a Scotch girl
Quite like Daisy.

—E. B. W.

in The New Yorker

SADE'S TO MOVE HER INN TO LINCOLN STREET

Application for an on-sale liquor
license has been made by Sadé La-
tham, owner of Carmel-Eta Inn, in
the new Aucourt Building on Lin-
coln street between Ocean avenue
and Seventh street. Sadé is moving
from her present location on Ocean
avenue to the Lincoln street place
on October 1. Erskine De Loe and
Mrs. Cynthia M. De Loe, his moth-
er, have leased the Ocean avenue
location, and are applying for an
on-sale liquor license there.

GIRLS MAY NOW JOIN SCOUT MARINER UNIT

All girls, 15 years old or more,
who want to join the Girl Scout
Mariner group, are asked to sign
on at the Mariners' "Ship" at 7
o'clock Monday night in the old
Pacific Building on the corner of
Pacific and Alvarado streets in
Monterey. "Skipper" Mary Ack-
royd has announced that any girl
wanting transportation from Car-
mel to the meeting may make ar-
rangements by calling Mrs. C. F.
Haakell at Carmel 240-W.

Helen Ware Burt is due to ar-
rive tomorrow on the steamer Mo-
nongahela from Honolulu where
she has been on a short vacation.

Frederick Burt, her husband, taken
ill while Mrs. Burt was away, is re-
cuperating at the Peninsula Com-
munity Hospital.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



It is six o'clock in the morning of the day after Labor Day, 1937. We wake slowly and reach for a news broadcast. "Love's good for anything that ails you, baby," says the radio.

A cold sluggish fog lies over Carmel and the streets smudged with holiday leavings glower in the crepuscular silence. Sir Thomas, the cat, having swallowed a length of hempen rope, lies slightly serpentine along the hearth, the rope secretly dickering with his gastric economies. In our path, as we go out to get the morning paper, two snails are making love, undaunted by the burden of their houses on their backs—touching each other with delicate retractable feelers.

We stand in the fog as if alone on earth. It gives us a strange feeling. All kinds of odds and ends come into our head at times like this. Presently a man will pass on his way to work; children will burst out of houses; the fog dispel, leaving a naked world all about. But now . . .

Eastward across America our friend and late guest, Lee Chapin of Stanford, is hurrying off to Scotland to take a Doctorate in Political Science. We think it very brave and optimistic of Lee to want to be a Doctor in Poly. Sci. just now. It looks seriously this morning—from where we stand surveying the earth—as if, by the time he'd taken his orals, or whatever they call them at Edinburgh University, a brand new bunch of little political sciences would have hatched and then he wouldn't be any forerunner than hitherto. In fact, political science seems very much like one of those parthenogenetic critters that are so pretty in the fish bowl and you get to cherish them somewhat, only to find on coming down to feed them one morning that your pet has apparently evaporated and in its place a lot of little fellows are clawing for sustenance and over in one corner of the cage you see a few broken bits of shell.

Well, Chapin, go to it! Perhaps, sitting out there on the bleak top of Arthur's Seat one evening when the wind is on the moors, gazing over Auld Reekie to the Water of Leith, it will occur to you that the little ones will grow up presently to be indifferently like their parent and then you will have, maybe, a political philosophy, or something of the kind, that will be less discernible than the other. Unless, of course, you have to abandon the backgrounds of American political faith altogether and rush home to don the colors in defense of its immediate foregrounds.

We graze without wistfulness this first day of the winter season amongst post-Labor Day memories. There is something incredible and not a little horrifying in the thought that, not so many years ago, we'd hasten back to Town shortly after the holiday (tho' returning to the country for an added month later) to grab up a few choice Parisian models before any of our friends got them. Early bird that we were, we'd be seated in the millinery salon at Saks Fifth Ave., by ten o'clock Tuesday morning with one of the Saks supercilious blondes brooding lovingly and with drooping beak, over our head at \$7.50 a throw. An hour earlier, Mr. Chris-

tian Jungst, God bless him, would have waved his scissors like a baton over our (tch, tch) summer locks, reducing them to a rhythm consonant with the more obvious movements of operatic music and the competition in the surrounding boxes. We see that Mr. H. Leonard Simmons still has a neat little model in a mink jacket for your first rendezvous at the St. Regis for only 4750.00. In this, madame, you need never feel out of place . . .

What a pain in the upper spine we'd be to you now, dear Mr. Simmons. And that goes double for both of us. My God, to think you're still at it . . .

To think . . . As this new season—this still presumptive winter of terrible hopes and fears—begins, there is the Chinese gentleman over there on the street corner standing on his head. Quaint of him, to say the least. An hour ago this so-upright citizen, humorous, tolerant, of so ancient a regime; this gentle man who saw in the fortuitous grace of the modest flower on the wall the quintessence. All things to be and that were, latent in that bloom. Now, if he sees the flower at all, he does not fail to the last to see the quintessence, though possibly blood somewhat obscures his retinae and his viscera are a visible corkscrew against his kimono.

At Fernside, the Concord grapes will be hanging heavily, cluster on cluster among the rusting leaves on the vine over the kitchen porch. Our Father, going out to do his morning chores, will reach up and grab a handful, spitting out the skins and gazing at the reddening flank of Proctor Hill and the gleaming sphere of Old Man Howe's gravestone across the Contocook Valley. His eyes will be too blue with grief. Stop off your private sorrow, this morning, Father dear. There are quite a few dead, taken all in all, this morning. Stack up your corn this morning as they are stacking up the bodies ten deep in the sleepy Spanish village amongst the trampled wheat, and remember the world's passion, but not your own. You will find this exercise purifying, if not downright comic. Others do not weep.

Take these, for example: Four sit in a public Square in Madrid, where the sound of trams is forgotten for the moment. "Got a fag?" "Here. One each. Take a light. I bid two spades." "Pass." (The damned silence—the goddam goddam goddam silence) "Pass, I said." "Three . . . wait a minute . . . yeah . . . I'll say three diamonds." "Pa . . . duck, you fools . . . duck . . ."

Diagonally across the Square the declarer picks himself up, disengaging his posterior from the frame of a newly arrived Louis Quatorze sofa and rubbing it carefully with his left hand, for in the right he still holds thirteen cards. The device of clubs is nicked a bit, but sure enough there are his five and a half quick tricks. Je's. Only three probable losers. With those diamonds . . .

Underneath his partner, still warm, he finds the Ace of Hearts. "Hell. A slam bid. Hey you," he calls to a group who have just come into the Square. "Want a game of cards?"

At Harvard University, the sec-

ond annual New England Traffic Officers' Training School has got under weigh. Under way. (You were saying, Dr. Conant?) Courtesy and good judgment are requirements for the ideal policeman. This sentiment, curiously enough, is echoed from around the world in a petition cabled this morning from the Foreign Settlement in Shanghai to the President. "Send us more ideal policemen (warships)," wail the tycoons who take ice in their Scotch and Soda in the British clubs. "Naturally we would not countenance America's entanglement in foreign affairs. Oh, naturally! But Shanghai Americans are not quitters and by the gods our bags of gold are turning into dynamite while we sit on them. Our bags of gold. Ours." The petition goes on in its nicely subtle 100% Yank drawl.

The morning sun has flung the day upon us. "Love's good for anything that ails you, baby."

—LYNDA SARGENT

John and Mitzi and Marionettes Are Now In Town

The veritable *haute monde* crowded the studio of Johnnie and Mitzi Wednesday evening last week for the opening night of "Moonlight Madness," with the whole cast playing the title role.

"My goodness, my goodness, my goodness!" jittered Wilber, the clown and Master of Ceremonies, on seeing all these people. "What shall I do, what shall I do, what shall I do?!!!"

He introduced Helen Morgan who, seated on the Eaton Grand Piano (by Johnnie out of brown cardboard) and accompanied by no less a pianist than what looked from the back row unmistakably like Ignace Jan Paderewski, soulfully tendered her Bill to an illachrymable (in fact, hilarious) audience.

After the blood-splitting, hair-curling mystery drama, with victims of assorted sizes and suspectiveness spattered all over dark closets and high balconies and such, the bill was concluded by Bessie. Bessie made brave frontal attack on—you might say she breastbasted belligerently—a ballade or two. Poor Bessie! She was finally brought up, rather literally, if we may say so, in the rear.

Yes, we know this is all nonsense. But what should be nonsense if a puppet show isn't? We, for one, were greatly refreshed, as we are sure the whole of the audience was. And what should entertainment be if not refreshment?

With Mrs. Florence Aberle acting as the most delightful of hostesses, refreshments were served after the performance when manipulation of the puppets was demonstrated and heartily approved. Peggy Clough assisted backstage.

Johnnie and Mitzi will give a performance by their original marionettes at the studio on Mountain View at 8 o'clock on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. If you and your children haven't seen Caesar you definitely should.

And we would like you to see you Eaton kids, that were utterly incorruptible. We saw your show was good, and the lovely flowers you sent us to wear. And we are right here to say that if we could be corrupted, it would be by a corsage of gardenias discovered on our front porch just as we were going to get some old geranium or other to pretty up a bit.

Adult Education Classes Start

Dates and meeting places for the Monterey Union High School Adult School classes to be held at Sunset School in Carmel, have been announced and registration will begin Monday, September 13.

Among the most popular of the group meetings has been the Carmel Forum which meets monthly on Tuesday or Thursday at 8 o'clock in the school auditorium. The date for the first speaker and discussion meeting of this group will be announced later.

Regular weekly classes at Sunset are mostly scheduled for Monday night and the following will be open for registration this coming Monday:

Diction, Voice and Effective Reading; 7:15 to 9:15 in the Art Room.

English and Citizenship; 7:15 to 9:15 in the new 3rd and 4th grade rooms.

Photography; 7:15 in the Auditorium Music Room.

Pottery and Woodwork; 7:00 to 9:00 in the Industrial Arts Shop.

Psychology of Everyday Living; 7:15 to 9:15 in the 3rd grade room.

Rhythmical Exercises; 7:15 to 9:15 in the Gymnasium.

Spanish; 7:15 to 9:15 in the 3rd grade room.

On Thursday afternoon from 2:30 to 4:30 the class in Dressmaking and Homemaking Arts will meet in the school Lunch Room.

Additional information and de-

tails of the full program for the Monterey Union Adult School district may be had by consulting the Fall Announcement of Courses just issued or by calling L. E. Wormley, Director, Monterey 6980 between 6:30 and 9:30 in the evening.

+

Reno marriage statistics report the union of Leonard Conky, formerly in the plumbing business in Carmel, and Rose Juhlin of Carmel.

+

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS grow and grow and grow and grow.

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Opening in Carmel

The Fall Term of the Adult School

CLASSES START 7 P.M. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

The schedule announced for the Sunset School, Carmel, is as follows: Americanization; Carmel Forum; Diction, Voice and Effective Reading; Dressmaking and Homemaking Art; Photography; Pottery and Woodwork; Psychology of Everyday Living; Rhythmical Exercises; Spanish

For further details read your local papers or telephone Monterey 6980 for a Fall Announcement of Courses

COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

Well, the two-crust lemon pie incident has come to a complete and satisfactory conclusion. The gentleman who insisted on it is satisfied because he has been able to say "I told you so." One of the recipes so kindly sent in to THE CYMBAL was carefully followed, the pie was successfully baked, promptly served and partaken of by all members of the family. The unanimous verdict returned was that hereafter a one-crust lemon chiffon or a one-crust lemon meringue pie would be entirely satisfactory!

This column begins to take on something the flavor of those "lonely hearts" correspondence affairs—that is, getting lovers of odd pies and recipes of said pies into connection. Now here we have George Graft inquiring about a recipe for green tomato pies which inspire mouth-watering memories of his youth in Iowa. Can anyone help us out with this one?

Being a creature of the good old-fashioned egg-for-breakfast habit, and having once owned six fine conscientiously-laying white Orpingtons, I claim to know the particular taste of fresh eggs as well as the next one. You can't fool me when it comes to eggs. And I mean fresh eggs. I've tried them from nearly every place that carries eggs in town and I decided some time ago that my safest bet is the Dolores Bakery. Their eggs can be counted on always to have that delicious new-laid taste. It's as good as going out to your own chicken run. I can't swear that they're always enormous but I can swear that they usually are the biggest hen's eggs I ever had the pleasure of acquiring.

One of our merchants reports a frequent question of the transient visitor: "Is there a delicatessen in Carmel?" Wonder if that would be a good idea. Of course, our butcher shops sell some of the cold meats and occasionally potato salad or sauerkraut, but a genuine delicatessen is something else again.

Late afternoon drives on hot summer days back East were more than likely to end up at Julia Maxfield's. You turned down a narrow street in the little city of Warren, Rhode Island, and into a driveway which led you under towering elms around to the back of an old colonial house. There, beside a fence covered with rambler roses and overlooking the marshes and the winding Warren River, you parked in company with dozens of other cars. In a few minutes a girl appeared from a low building at one side of the big yard and with a smile gave each occupant of your car a printed list of the Julia Maxfield ice creams. Your order was then brought to the car, either in cones or dishes as you preferred, and on the way out you deposited your spoons and plates and paper napkins in a receptacle at the rear gate.

What an amazing list of frozen delicacies that famous Julia Maxfield card offered you! I can't remember the exact number but I will not hesitate to swear that there were at least twenty different tempting flavors. It was the most difficult thing in the world to settle on one and not immediately wish you had tried some other! I used to resolve firmly that I would work my way through that list—take banana one day, pistachio the next, lemon

sherbet the next—and so on. But I never did. My weakness for chocolate always was my undoing and I invariably succumbed to my favorite, a variety I have never found anywhere else—chocolate with chocolate molasses chips ground up in it! Boy, is that good!

I don't know of any place around here that compares with Julia Maxfield's, but I am reminded of it when I'm in the Del Monte Dairy on Dolores street and read their wall list of ice creams. It always includes a number of out-of-the-ordinary flavors which vary from week to week. When they have it, pecan crunch is one of my favorites, but right now the fresh fruit sherbets and ice creams are delicious. If you want to serve a dessert that's a bit different order some fresh peach ice cream from the Del Monte Dairy.

Three blocks from the gay neon lights of Monterey's main stem, on a dark side street, stands an old house, a plain, rather drab, old-fashioned American house. If it weren't for the cheerful sign "Azuma-Tei" and "Sukiyaki" in colored light you would never expect to step into Japan by way of its front door. But inside, when you have been ushered politely into an alcove off the central corridor and the Japanese girl has drawn the sliding panels, there you are in a private dining room of your own! If you're one of those who dislike crowded places where your chair back scrapes the back of the chair behind you, you expand gratefully in the luxurious roominess of Azuma-Tei's compartments. All this is no news to plenty of CYMBAL readers, but those who haven't ever had sukiyaki will find it an amusing and worthwhile adventure to try a Japanese dinner some night . . .

There's novelty about watching the whole process of your meal being cooked right on the table before you. Neat little trays are brought on with chopsticks in sanitary covers, attractive Japanese bowls and a handle-less tea cup. In one of the bowls reposes a mystifying egg! Then in come larger trays with the raw ingredients for the meal, thinly-sliced meat and a variety of interesting-looking vegetables, sugar, hot water and sauce for the gravy. A little later, when the sukiyaki is nearly done, a delicious brown bubbling mass, a big round box of fluffy hot rice appears. The mysterious egg is broken into your individual bowl, beaten up with the deftly-wielded chopsticks of your personal cook, and into it then goes your first helping of sukiyaki! Mix rice with it and you have—where's that thesaurus? I need some more ways of saying "delicious"! And while you're eating, more sukiyaki is being cooked, ready the instant you are for another helping.

The Editor, having learned in Hawaii the Japanese for Oliver Twist's famous remark, couldn't wait to display his lingual accomplishment. It looked rather dark for

him at first when "Mama San" no understood! But she disappeared and came back with a pretty young Japanese girl to see what the funny American was trying to say. And was our Editor pleased when she got him right away—he really had said "Please may I have some more" in Japanese! "Mama San" beamed delightedly all over her kindly middle-aged face but I'm here to bear witness that you don't need to know the Japanese—or even the English!—for "more" because you get it before you've had time to ask for it!

The funny twisted rice cake with dessert reveals your "fortune" on a slip of paper that informs you: "A great fortune is ordained for you; wait patiently."

While I'm waiting patiently I think I'll go back to the Azuma-Tei and have another Japanese dinner—I'm a little skeptical about that great fortune but I'm in no doubts about sukiyaki. It's—well, suppose you go yourself and meantime I'll look up another word for delicious!

—CONSTANT EATER

COMMUNITY CHURCH SERVICE FOR SUNDAY ANNOUNCED

The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor of the Carmel Community Church on Lincoln, just south of Ocean, will preach on "God and the Possible You" at the 11 o'clock service Sunday morning. Mrs. Anne Supero's voice will be heard in special music for the service.

The Community Church Epworth League will resume meetings at 6:30 Sunday evening. Girls and boys of High School age are urged to come.

The Church League will meet Monday evening at 6:30 and partake of a pot-luck supper at the Parish house. Victor Graham, the new president, has several matters of importance to bring before the parishioners.

The first meeting of the Women's Auxiliary will be Tuesday at 12:30. Women of the church will bring their own box lunches and will be greeted by Esther Smith, president of the auxiliary.

JUNE DELIGHT OPENS NEW STUDIO THIS WEEK-END

The new dance studio, just completed by June Delight, will be open and in use this week-end. The studio, which is on Mission street between Fourth and Fifth, is a stucco building finished on the inside with plyboard to make a neutral background for dancing figures. The main room is 24 by 40 feet and there are showers and dressing rooms upstairs.



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JEWELL FLOWER SHOP OPENS ON DOLORES STREET

Mrs. Ora Jewell, who has been running the Jewell Flower Shop in Pacific Grove for some time, is transferring her floral bandbox to the El Paseo Building in Carmel this week. Mrs. Jewell has taken the shop formerly occupied by Ella's Southern Kitchen.

An open house for all Carmel flower lovers will be held at the shop Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock. The Jewells raise a great many of their flowers in their own hothouses in Marina.

+++

George and Helen Vye are back in Carmel again after a summer in Europe where they have been visiting relatives in France and England and touring about in Italy, Germany and Austria. Helen is making plans for the opening of her dress shop in the new Dummage Building at Lincoln and Ocean.

Jack Thoburn, who was connected with the Carmel Press two years ago, and Hetty W. May of San Francisco, were married at All Saints Church by the Rev. Carel Hulswé Wednesday and are spending part of their honeymoon in Carmel. Thoburn is at present on the staff of Congrove & Company, insurance brokers, of San Francisco.

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Mabel C. Sampson

COUNCIL KILLS PLAN TO MOVE CITY OFFICES

(Continued from Page One)

merchants on Dolores street had voiced any objection, either by writing or in person, to the suggested move. Ewig said he believed it would be to their benefit if the city should move the city hall from Dolores street.

Following the defeat of the proposal to move to Ewig's building, Councilman Kellogg made a motion that the Carmel Development Company, landlords of the present building, be instructed to tint the walls of the council chamber, repaint the woodwork and put a doorway between the present city clerk's office and the abandoned office of the city judge so that Miss Van Brower could use both offices.

Thereupon Councilman Burge moved that the mayor appoint a committee to get the lowest possible price and terms on the purchase of the Devendorf property at Sixth and Lincoln streets as a proposed site for a city hall. This was also passed and the mayor appointed Councilmen Thoburn and Rawntree to confer with the owners of the property.

It is understood that it can be bought for \$5,000 and that the payments may be stretched over a long term.

The present city hall quarters will, for the next three years at least, cost the city \$60 a month rental, instead of the present \$75 figure. The Development Company lowered the rent to meet the offer of Ewig.

EXCITING POTTERY EXHIBIT AT TILLY POLAK'S

If you were not among those fortunates who dropped into Tilly Polak's yesterday and the day before, you feel sorry for you. You might have seen one of the most exciting exhibits of pottery which this Peninsula has had in a long, long time. It is still not too late to see some of the pieces done by these master potters, Manuel Jalkanovich and Ingvald Olsen. A few of them will be in the shop for several days more.

In their San Francisco studio, where they have been for the past 16 years, they concentrate mostly on color and form. We had a long talk with them late yesterday afternoon, too late to write anything but a short notice of the exhibit. Go see the pottery at the shop and next week we will give you our interview with them, the artisans' own story.

MRS. KOEHLER'S GERMAN CLASSES START MONDAY

Mrs. Otto Koehler of Carmel will begin her second year as instructor of evening classes in German at the Monterey Adult School on Monday, September 13.

Students of the first year were so enthusiastic that they met once a week during the summer vacation with Mrs. Koehler when they were not away on vacation. A native of Germany, Mrs. Koehler has a thorough academic background and has had several years' teaching experience with the Berlitz School of Languages. She combines the Berlitz method with her own which is purely conversational. Each class meeting ends with the reading of a poem and the singing of a song to the class.

Classes for beginners as well as advanced students will be held on Mondays and Thursdays at 7:15 p.m. in Room 34, west wing of the Monterey Union High School.

Virginia Taylor, fiancée of Dale Leidig, visited in Carmel over the week-end.

Helen Wills Hits Tennis Balls at Mission Club

(Continued from Page One)

Bob Stanton 7-5, 6-3.

On Tuesday there was another select gallery of a dozen or so to watch her play with Kern, Roark and Victor Cazalet who, besides the distinction of being an old friend of hers, is a member of the British House of Parliament. It should also be recorded that he is a recent, maybe present, squash racquets champion of England. In addition to that, and we have Mrs. Willis Walker's word for this, he is an accomplished pianist.

Of Spencer Kern, Helen Wills is reported to have remarked after her Monday's tussle with him, that he has the makings of a champion tennis player. We, who know little about the intricacies of the game, but can see a hard, straight shot that just misses the net and lands exasperatingly right at one's toes, can to some extent see her point. We wouldn't marvel so much at the strength and speed of Kern's shots if they were just straight wallops, but when most of them are back-hand swipes we are more or less—well—perplexed.

Oh, yes, speaking of Helen Wills who, it may occur to you, might be considered the most important subject of this little item of news, we like her immensely. We like the way she plays tennis on the psychological side, if you know what we mean. We like her attitude toward it, if her face and manner are any understandable expressions of that attitude. We like, particularly, her grace on the courts and, most particularly, do we like her pleated white flannel skirt. It contributes much more to her charm than the proverbial shorts could ever hope to do. Tuesday we liked, also, her apricot-colored sweater. (If it wasn't apricot-colored, there's nothing we can do about it. So it is recorded in our memory.) As for things about Helen we don't like—we don't like the idea of our being on the other side of the net when she hits a ball at us so hard we couldn't return it, or hits it some place we aren't and to which she knows we couldn't get.

While here Miss Wills was the house-guest of Mrs. Willis Walker at Pebble Beach.

—W. K. B.

COUNCIL TO TAKE UP FIRE ZONE STRUGGLE AGAIN

Another struggle on the part of the city council to get somewhere definitely in the matter of designating fire zones in the new building code will take place next Tuesday evening at an adjourned meeting. The building code has become a most irritating thorn in the flesh of the council. Besides the fire zone clauses, which are in a state of utter confusion, the code now contains one penalty in itself and another one in a resolution framed by Councilman Rowntree. A little legal advice on the job at council meetings would unravel some of the council's tangles.

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"Stop" Sign Law For School To Be Broadened

Carmel's new city attorneys—three of 'em—Hudson, Martin and Ferrante—didn't do so well with the ordinance they were instructed to draw up for the protection of Sunset School children from San Carlos street traffic. So poorly did they do, that the city council, as a unit, threw back the corrective ordinance on them at Wednesday night's meeting, and ordered a new one drawn up. That is, the council threw it up in the air hoping it would light somewhere in the vicinity of the offices of the three city attorneys—Hudson, Martin and Ferrante—because, as you know, the council gets only absent treatment from its legal counselors now. No barristers are present—not even one out of the three at council meetings since—well—Campbell quit the job. It is perhaps not in the contract—not for any \$75 a month, it isn't—despite the fact that Councilman Clara Kellogg was assured by Mayor Everett Smith, when the resolution appointing Hudson, Martin and Ferrante was passed, that a representative of the legal firm would be on hand to inform the city legislators as to the law whenever they tangled themselves up at council meetings.

But, anyway, the legal trio—Hudson, Martin and Ferrante—(begins to sound as though it might make a good chorus for a song in a First Theater olio) must re-draw the traffic ordinance relative to stop signs in front of the school.

The ordinance as presented for first reading Wednesday night, provided for stop signs at Eighth street and Tenth street, but facing only one way. That is, it provided for only one at Eighth street, facing south-bound traffic, and only one at Tenth street, facing north-bound traffic. It was decided that this wouldn't do at all. It was pointed out that a car going south, and approaching Tenth street was as much a menace to a child trying to cross San Carlos at that street as one traveling north.

So, Hudson, Martin and Ferrante, tra-la, tra-la, must re-draft that ordinance and put "stop" signs on both sides of Eighth street and both sides of Tenth.

Mrs. Nellie Wall of the Game Cock has returned to her job after a two-weeks' vacation in Lake County.

Sybil Anikeyev, camera portrait artist, is opening a studio on Ocean avenue above Tilly Polak's shop.

P-T. A. Starts New Season Tuesday

The first meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association for the fall term will be a tea to be held Tuesday afternoon, September 14, in the Sunset School Library. All parents and those interested in the activities of the school are cordially invited. The teachers for the semester will be introduced by Principal Otto W. Bardarson, and Adolph G. E. Hankis, chairman of the board of trustees of the Sunset School district, will go over the work done at the school during the summer. Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, president of the P.T. A., will report of the work being done by that organization during the past year and what is being planned for this year.

Parents with young children are invited to come to the meeting and leave their youngsters in the kindergarten room where they will be looked after by a competent and experienced guardian.

MUSICAL ARTS CLUB HAS TANNHAUSER EVENING

At the first meeting of the Musical Arts Club at the Van Es McGowan home in the Country Club Wednesday evening, an enthusiastic group heard a reading and solo selections from the opera "Tannhauser." Borghild Janson read the story and dramatic parts of the opera in a condensed form and the solo parts were taken by Edith Anderson, Andrew Seesink, Annabel Powell and William B. Williams. Gladys Steele accompanied the singers and a male chorus sang under the direction of Edward Cadoret Hopkins.

Mrs. Paul Eliel of Palo Alto, president of the California League of Women Voters, is in Carmel conferring with local members of the organization.

Policeman Earl Wermuth has been granted a vacation from September 13 to 27 by the city council. Bill Askew, superintendent of streets and parks, will get his from October 8 to 22.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

"What are you going to write about for THE CYMBAL this week?" I was asked by a puzzled wife—puzzled, I suppose, because the week around home had been singularly empty. You know how empty some weeks can be.

"I've got no idea," I had to reply. "Why, I'm not mad at anybody this week, so I'm kind of hard up for ideas."

After all, I decided, there's peace on earth and in a big way, if we only consider those wide, open spaces in which nothing in particular is happening.

Of course, there's a fight on in and around Shanghai, what with Japanese and Chinese and foreign concessions and all, and the Mediterranean is kind of troubled these days, what with "mad dog" submarines, Mussolini and the Soviet, et cetera, and our own Pacific coast has another tie-up with American Federation of Labor having all sorts of convulsions over the Committee for Industrial Organization.

But, in between it all and sleeping sickness and infantile paralysis, there is a great deal of quiet. Oh my yes, here and there, in the mountains, by the sea, out in the little islands scattered across the ocean, in Patagonia, in Alaska—ah, Peace!

So, I'm not mad at anybody today, but, like lots of other simple people, just marking time, marking time, because there is no mad rush worthy of my efforts at the moment. Why plan, when we don't know what's ahead?

Who knows, but another war, another pestilence, another day, will bring a complete revision of all our standards, and we'd have to start all over again. So why worry about it now? Or rather, why get all in a pother about something which may never be, when the present moment is worth so much.

Being a wistful sort of a child, many years ago, I used occasionally to "take time out" to remember some glorious moment. Those moments have been more golden than had they been spent in recovering nuggets of gold from a heap of ore.

Such a sunset on July 7, 1925, I can remember well, as the sun went down just across the end of

the tip of Cypress Point, painting a beautiful young world with crimson and gold. Somehow, the sunset and the date and the stillness stamped themselves on me and I have something to show for that fleeting moment.

That was a very peaceful moment, one of the periods of time when the world stood still, so still that the sun took a long time to dip behind the point jutting into a liquid horizon.

It was nothing to write a saga about, but it was a very fine moment. It was a moment I had all to myself although I was in the midst of a lot of noisy young people like myself. Apparently only I was so still, but so still that the noise died out for my perfect moment.

After all, that's a lot to say for a moment, especially a peaceful one in which nothing happened but the sun went down. It was the peace of the moment and twelve years is a long time to remember something which is in itself nothing.

Well, I'm still not mad at anybody but myself, now that I've splurged over into what might have been another peaceful moment, but isn't for a number of minor irritations, like too warm a coat, too dusty an atmosphere, and this and that danged thing.

That's probably the result of having a restless mind that revolts at the slightest provocation and goes battling along until it gets into some new difficulty, and then goes to sleep. Laziness, or sleep, are great comforts to an occasionally cowardly mind.

Sometimes accused of Gallic obtuseness, I must now back away from probable accusations of Slavic turbidity.

The law is the law so long as it is enforced or has not been permitted to be evaded without an attempt at enforcement with some success.

Such is the state of California's gambling law, and Attorney General U. S. Webb has had his hands full in trying to get officers throughout the state to do something about it. The case is similar to the prohibition law and while the rule has been laxity, Webb is apparently going to do something about it, or at any rate make a great stab at so doing.

Naturally, Monterey is cheering over support it got in closing down Chinatown, while "Coney Island across the Bay," Santa Cruz, as it is on the map, has been making various kinds of moaning sounds as well as cheering. Of course, elements in Monterey, especially among some of the Alvarado street bar proprietors, state that you can't have a lively town without gambling and its frills.

And probably these same moaners are right, that you can't have society without all kinds of society, which is just what we can look forward to in Carmel, because there seems to be a firm conviction here that we should be a city instead of what we started out by being.

And that's of course why we have to have all those nice, handsome, well-uniformed young men in the police force, a luxury, perhaps, but one well worth while.

Jottings: James Fitzgerald, artist whose California water colors are well known here, will remain in the east this winter, returning to his old love, Maine.

Leslie White, who wrote, "Me, Detective," at the instigation of Lincoln Steffens, has departed this coast for New York to become editor there of a magazine for publishers who have printed most of his stories during the past few years.

Personalities & Personals

The R. L. Grabills had a house-party warming recently at their new home on The Point. Just the family and a few friends dropped in to light the first fire and toast the owners. Mr. and Mrs. Grabill built the entire house themselves with the exception of the wiring and plumbing, and plan to move into it soon.

Mrs. E. W. Brundin of Montebello was in Carmel over the last week-end visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Bassett.

Marcelle Radjesky (of course you remember her—you couldn't help it—a girl like that with that personality) blew in on us last week. We were so excited about seeing her that we don't remember anything she said—what she was doing here or how long she was going to stay. And now we find she's gone. Some few years ago we used to blow in on her at the Carmel Land. We fear she wasn't so excited about us.

The Kuster family is about due in Carmel this week-end. They left their camp groups in Tahoe where they have been for the past few months about a week ago and have been in San Francisco making plans for the opening of the Golden Bough Guild Theater in October.

Rich and Tal Lovejoy were in Carmel last week for a short visit. The Lovejoys are now living in Seattle or were at the time of writing. They move about so. They ran a newspaper in Sitka, Alaska, for three years and when they left turned it over to the Jack Calvin. Tal Lovejoy is a sister of Mrs. Calvin. The Lovejoys lived in Carmel some five years ago and did wood blocks for the Pine Cone and The Carmelite.

Frederick Burt has been taking a rest cure at the Peninsula Community Hospital. Reports are that he is getting along finely. Connie Clappett has been up at the same hospital taking a good long rest. The only trouble with Connie is that when they get her to go to the hospital she insists on having a telephone and wears herself out all the more by calling up everybody she knows. This time they wouldn't let her use it even if she is production manager of the play at the First Theater.

From Washington, D.C., came Colonel and Mrs. J. F. Hall, who are now staying at La Playa and visiting their many friends here.

Dick and Jan Albee came down from San Francisco over the week-end. Dick is covering the City Hall beat for the Chronicle and is quite active in Guild activities.

Nagene Ellis of San Francisco was barging around the Peninsula over the holidays seeing friends and going places.

In the audience at the opening of "In the Shadow of the Rockies" last Friday night was J. C. Calhoun, a guest of J. O'Hanlon of Pacific Grove. Calhoun's uncle saw the first plays put on in the First Theater and the nephew is carrying out the tradition.

Lee Chapin, on the faculty at

Stanford, visited on the Peninsula over last week-end.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Lanz of Palo Alto are greeting Carmel friends at their home here during the month of September. Dr. Lanz is professor in the Russian Department at Stanford.

Margaret Stuart is enjoying a vacation in the Village before returning to Stanford for the fall quarter. Margaret is enrolled in the College of Medicine.

Nancy Pierson, in the advertising department of Sherman, Clay & Company in San Francisco, has been getting acquainted in Carmel this week. Nancy drove down from the city with Barbara Berg and Jane Caldwell, who returned to classrooms and work late Monday.

Guests at Forest Lodge this week are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Cheeswright, their son Bob, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Cunningham, all from Pasadena.

Irving and Gladys Steele Gunderson are leaving Carmel either this week-end or the next, or as soon as they can get all their things packed up. Gunderson has been running the Press in the Forest but now Billy and Frances Wright are coming back to take over operations. Gunderson hopes to find himself happily delving into type and presses again and Gladys will continue with her singing engagements in the Bay Region. As yet they have not decided whether it will be Berkeley or San Francisco that they will call home. Too many friends in both places and it is hard to know which to choose. Good luck to you, Gundersons, and don't forget Carmel is on the map.

Dr. H. Spencer Lewis and family, of San Jose, spent the week-end in Carmel. Dr. Lewis is an artist and writer of note and is also head of the Rosicrucian Order of North

and South America, which has its headquarters at Rosicrucian Park, San Jose.

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INITIATIVE PETITION TO GIVE CITY MERIT SYSTEM IN ALL APPOINTMENTS, TO BE PUT UP TO COUNCIL FOR ACTION

(Continued from Page One)

list of three or more names submitted to it by the incumbent commissioners.

The initiative petition, accompanying the proposed ordinance, must bear the signatures of 15 per cent of the entire registered voters of the city. Signatures to this petition may not be sought until 21 days have elapsed after the date of the publication of the intention. That means that proponents may start obtaining signatures on October 1.

The petition or petitions must be filed with the city clerk for verification as qualified voters.

The petitions and ordinance are then presented to the council.

The council must pass the ordinance, without changing a syllable or punctuation mark, at a regular meeting and within ten days of presentation, or

The council must forthwith call a special election and submit the ordinance to the voters for adoption or rejection.

Such an election must be held not more than 45 days from the date of calling it.

A majority vote is sufficient to adopt the ordinance.

QUITE SHODDY TREATMENT OF TAX MONEY

(Continued from Page One)

from a bunch of others and plainly showed by his attitude toward it that he was not in favor of paying it. There was some discussion at the council table about it, but little of what was said could be heard beyond the railing. Finally, and probably frantically, the editor of THE CYMBAL asked the mayor if the lobby could be told what the claim was for and how much it was for. Only then was anything said that was audible to the dozen people in the lobby. Councilman Thoburn, on the mayor's assent, read the claim. It was for installing new books and for information furnished Judge George Ross.

It was explained by the mayor that the Judge Ross part of the claim (\$125) had to do with information the judge wanted about the recent audit preparatory to his providing the council with an opinion asked of him in regard to it. The other part of the claim, it was understood, was for the installation of new books for the city, especially the city clerk.

The press asked some more questions then.

Thelma Miller wanted to know if the information given to Judge Ross was of a value sufficient to warrant the auditor's bill for same. The mayor replied that he thought it was.

THE CYMBAL editor asked if it were not possible that the city clerk, already intimating such, might refuse to accept the books provided her by the auditor. The mayor replied: "She can stand on her rights if she wants to."

This was in substantiation of the expressed opinion of Eugene Watson that the city had no authority to buy books for the city clerk; that as an elective officer she should attend to her own bookkeeping as she saw fit.

It was freely admitted that Miss Van Brower can toss Mr. Shaff's new books into the ocean and, as we have said, \$125 of the \$250 voted for him Wednesday night will follow the books into the briny deep.

But the council voted, and Smith, Rowntree and Burge voted to pay the claim, Kellogg and Thoburn

voting against it.

But when Rowntree signed the warrant as a member of the finance committee, and tossed it over to Thoburn for his signature as a member of the committee also, Thoburn tossed it back.

"I won't sign it," he said.

"But we voted you down and passed it," said Rowntree.

"I don't care; I won't sign it," insisted Thoburn.

And he didn't.

School Trustees Discuss Traffic Problem

The question of school patrols for directing traffic on San Carlos street was thoroughly discussed at the board of trustees' meeting Tuesday in the office of Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School. Chairman Adolph G. E. Hanke, with the consent of the other members of the board will talk the matter over with the Carmel police force and obtain its opinion on the proper method of procedure for the school patrol. Frank Shea, trustee, suggested that the policeman who has had several weeks' experience in dealing with the traffic problem there would be able to know best what amount of school aid the regular officer would need.

Bardarson said that the school squad was to be a picked group of capable children from the Seventh and Eighth grades who would be drilled to a maximum of alertness and cooperation. He felt that the spirit of cooperation which the whole school has shown in following the dictates of the patrol was a fine bit of child training. In the matter of children having to go into the street to perform their duties on the patrol, Doris E. Watson, third member of the board, suggested mechanical stop signs to be controlled by the students and

also that parking of cars near the traffic lanes be prohibited, making for greater visibility.

The appointment of Florence C. Morrow of Los Altos as school nurse was confirmed by the board, and the question of admitting children from outside the school district was brought up. It was decided to admit certain cases under the proviso that they could be removed at any time when the classes became overcrowded.

The school bus contract with the Bay Rapid Transit was renewed with some rearrangements about the insurance. It was also decided to take out premium insurance on the school building which would cover the present value in case of partial destruction.

Bardarson reported an attendance of 430 children to date. A section of the school playgrounds will be treated with an oil surfacing in an effort to test its value in dealing with the dust problem.

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Evening Classes Start Monday At Sunset

Evening Shop Classes at Sunset School will open Monday, September 13. The hours are from 7 to 9 o'clock. The subjects for group and individual work this year are pottery and woodwork and Ernest Calley, director of the school shop, will be in charge.

In the pottery course you will learn to prepare clay, hand-forming, coil-building, casting and wheel-forming or jiggering, glazing and firing. Your particular creations in the pottery line naturally depend on your creative urge and working ability and whether you want a portrait head or a tea-cup to show for your labors. The course of instruction carries you from the beginning to the end in the technical side of pottery.

Woodwork is also a flexible course dependent on your needs and desires, whether you want to make Christmas presents or something for yourself. The tools of the shop are available to those taking the course. And it's all free except for the cost of materials.

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